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GEMS IN VERSE.

Our blue eyed daughter with locks of gold,
Rays and dimpled and eight years old,
Went to Sunday school one fine day,
When grass was springing its baby May.
The question swiftly went round the class
And soon came the turn of our little lass.
"Your duty to neighbors," the teacher said,
Promptly replied our golden head.
"I don't know that kind of duty, you see,
But I know plain duty as well as can be."
His hand on her curls and on her cheek laid,
The teacher said, "You are a good girl."
"Well, what is plain duty, my little maid?"
"Why, duty is the thing," with a moment's thought,
"That you don't want to do, but you know
you ought!" —St. Nicholas.

Winter Song.
Sing me a song of the dead world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted wreaths, like ghosts, go
Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes,
Of the whop and the swing of the snow-
shoe said
Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple loft,
Of the corn, and the nuts, and the mounds
Of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft
And the spinning wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
Where the ruddy gleams of the freight dance,
Where bends my love Armitage
Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
In the purple sky. —Scribner's.

The Minstrels of the Marshes.
They're serenading me tonight, Their voices
Clear and strong
Lilt through the summer atmosphere in joy-
ous bursts of song.

The sun has set an hour or more, but bright
Against the sky
Flash minstrels of yellow light as glowworms
wander by.

And through the reeds down by the marsh
they flicker to and fro
And light my merry minstrels with their magic
lamps glow.

This evening when the sun went down I saw a
meadow lit
Creep down into her grassy nest before the
coming dark.

The long, faint shadows of the trees stretched
far beyond my sight
And found one last belated quail who whistled
for awhile.

The shadows grew and broadened and spread
out on every hand
Until all were united and the night had reach-
ed the land.

And then they tuned their fiddles, and they
gathered their trombones
And took out their cornets, with their
shrill and searching tones.

And a hoarse and foggy bass, which first seem-
ed to start beyond
The deepest depths of deepness, asked the wa-
ters of the pond.

And with a joyous ecstasy that tided ill for
sleep
The basso roared his "bull from" and the tenor
piped "knee deep."

The cricket on the doorstep fiddled, fiddled for
his life;
The chirping, shrieking tree toad played selec-
tion for his life.

The countless "vagrant insects" madly joined
them in the race
And buzzed a soothing second to the big frog's
sopping bass.

And a night bird, passing over, cried a sudden
plaintive
And the players played their maddest in a
wondrous merry mood.

The cricket plays the same old tune as when,
a boyish guest,
I listened to him playing when his touch was at
its best.

The croak plays as years ago I used to hear
him play.
The basso croaks his lower notes in just the
same old way.

And that is why I listen when the evening
shadows creep
Down there among the lilies where the tenor
pipes "knee deep." —Farmers' Voice.

When Duty Calls.
Hard is his lot, indeed, and sad his life,
Who needs must leave his happy home, his wife,
His sons, his friends—all that the heart in-
thralls—
And go to banishment in foreign lands,
Or go to war to stain with blood his hands,
When duty calls.

And he of different mold is wretched, too,
Who has ambitions, long for something new,
Who craves adventures, whom no hap-
py
Yet whom each day brings but the wretched
cry.

The weary task at office, bank or store,
Where duty calls.

Unhappy both! But wretched more—poor
wight—
Is he whom fashion and the world polite
Drag out to nightly dinners, routs and balls.
There, he is humiliated and teased and
treated, and he must smile and perk and
gay.

Yet when he is alone, and the night away,
Tattle and talk, and dance the night away,
Nor then is done, for he has still to pay
His duty calls. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Lines to My Cat.
Upon my desk my cat reclines
In customary grace,
The mellow yellow highlights fall
Upon her happy face.

Upon her happy face
And throw in silhouette her lines
Upon the wall.

Her back is arched, but not from fright—
No cruel dog is nigh,
Nor is it that my birds tonight
About the chamber fly.

Her face is fixed on mine, but yet
She does not purr nor mew,
I wonder if she caters to my
Like me and others too?

She does not purr nor stir nor growl
She never bows nor ruffs
Because she does not care
And then was neatly stuffed.

—William E. S. Fales.

Distant Things.
Oh, white is the sail in the faraway,
And dirty the sail at the dock,
And fair are the cliffs across the bay,
And black is the nearby rock!

Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,
At our feet it is only white,
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,
Though a lamp were twice as bright!

The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours,
Of thought that turns our tongue to speech
Our fellows leave greater powers.

The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those of our day,
So we strive through life for the distant things
And never are satisfied!

—Elwyn Irving Hoffman.

The Bright Side of It.
Life isn't all lilies and clover,
But it's no use weeping and howling,
Don't grieve or mope the milk you've turned over
While there's hay in the loft for the cow.
—Atlanta Constitution.

His Prismatic Highness.
The Prince of Wales is a very
hearty laugh. On one occasion his
royal highness laughed very heartily
at a Hindu schoolboy. The young-
sters had been drilled into the prop-
erty of saying, "Your royal highness"
should the prince speak to any of
them. And when the heir apparent
accosted a bright eyed lad, and point-
ing to a prismatic compass asked,
"What is this?" the youngster, all in
a flutter, replied, "Please, it's a royal
compass, your prismatic highness,"
on which came peal after peal of
royal laughter without any control.

BEAR HUNT.

On my first overland journey to
California, in 1881, we made camp
one evening among the foothills on the
southeastern slope of Book moun-
tain.

As Indians had troubled us nor
"sign" been seen for the preceding
six days, we somewhat relaxed our
accustomed vigilance on this occa-
sion. The 10 wagons were corralled
as usual, but instead of being confined
within the inclosure after nightfall
our horses and mules were merely
hobbled and allowed to graze at will
on the rich buffalo grass of a little
valley lying between two adjacent
hills.

Among the stock was a valuable
thoroughbred mare, belonging to
Sam Tount, our guide. During the
journey this animal had brought
forth a foal, a lovely little thing, now
2 weeks old, the special pride of its
owner and the pet of the whole party.

As the younger mare was a
famous Kentucky racer, Sam set
great store by it and would not have
parted with it for its weight in
gold, perhaps not gold, but certainly
in silver.

The colt of course was not shackled
in any way, and when last seen was
playfully gamboling about its moth-
er as she fed.

In order to reach this particular
camping place we had that day made
an exceptionally long march, and every-
man of us was unusually tired.

So, believing that no danger of any
kind threatened, we did not post sen-
tries at all, but retired early to our
wagon beds for a good sleep.

The night passed quietly, and nothing
occurred to disturb our slumbers
until just at daybreak the morning
sunlight revealed a scene of terror.
Then all were suddenly awak-
ened by a confused, thunderous
trampling, blended with the noise of
clashing metal.

"Indians, Indians!" some one shout-
ed, as grasping our ready weapons,
we tumbled out to the ground.

"Indians nothing!" said the guide.
"It was your old mare's foal that had
gone so. The reds don't generally
wake folks up that way. Why, thun-
der alive, boys, it's a stampede of the
cattle! See them come!"

Sure enough. In the gray light of
the dawn we now saw, only a few
yards from the corral, the whole
drove of horses and mules clattering
painfully along, apparently in fran-
tic efforts to escape some impending
peril. A perfect picture of terror.

Against his cheek, while her great,
frightened eyes seemed, plainly as ar-
tistic speech, to appeal for help.

"Boys!" excitedly shouted Sam,
"something's happened to the colt.
Come along, half a dozen of you,
quick! The others must stick to the
corral, for it's just possible the cattle
may have scared Indians."

I and five others who happened to
be fully dressed, instantly started off
with our leader, hoping to find that
the foal had merely been left behind
by the herd, scared perhaps by a
prowling wolf or two. The little
dell where the stock had been feed-
ing was about 400 yards from camp.

On arriving there, we could at first
see no signs of the colt, but presen-
tly, as the light broadened in day,
Tount, who was scouring the outer
edge of the valley, uttered a startled
cry.

Hurrying up to him, we saw a
small pool of blood on a spot of grass-
less ground, in the shade of a great
boulder, and right in the middle of
the patch so moistened the enormous
footprints of a bear!

"My little beauty's gone, boys—
killed and carried off by a grizzly,"
Tount said, as he pointed to the
dragged it away to the hills."

There could be no doubt of the fact,
for a broad trail of crushed grass,
flecked by occasional spots of blood,
led directly toward the mountain,
though in some places the powerful
monster had evidently borne his prey
clear of the ground altogether.

Sam was furious. "Boys, we'll kill
that old devil if we have to stay here
a week," he savagely said. "But
we can't do it this afternoon."
You can see by the looks of the blood
that he's not been gone long. What
do you say, shall we go on now or re-
turn to camp and get breakfast first?"

"Best take a square meal to begin
with," Sam said. "The sun had dis-
appeared, behind which the sun had dis-
appeared."

Hurriedly our friends mounted,
but soon the darkness increased and
threatened to make the return im-
possible. The boy, however, feeling
quite comfortable after an unusually
good rest, showed great confidence.

Every few minutes he would stretch
out his hands like a signboard, cry-
ing, "Girgenti." The two travelers
had lost all faith in him. They only
trusted their eyes, which could dis-
cern nothing but a pathless, stony
ground with little vegetation. They
would not have ventured to proceed
with the journey had not the horse
of Signor Ernesto, left to himself,
continued his way through the dark-
ness, following only his instinct.

Even so Miss Evelyn's animal. He
would stand still at intervals, and at
last fell back entirely. The signorina,
by coaxing and patting, tried in vain
to effect some progress. She called
to her friends, but no answer. The
strong wind drowned the sound of
her voice. She was alone in the dark-
ness in an unknown place, far from
any human habitation. Yet she did
not lose her presence of mind. She
dismounted, left her horse to his fate
and sat down on a large flat stone.

Looking around, she discovered a
light at some distance. Without de-
lay she started toward it in hope of
a shelter for the night. Slowly she
advanced. In spite of all precautions
she stumbled frequently.

At last she stood in front of an old
ruin, the opening of which, covered
with an old rug, was turned toward
her. A mighty stone slab laid over
the walls formed the roof. She
heard voices inside. Hurriedly she
climbed over the stones that sepa-
rated her from the entrance and
pushed the curtain aside. She found
herself in a space lighted by a burn-
ing piece of pitch pine and occupied
by Paolo Savello and two brigands.

One of these, a fellow grown old in
a life of sin and crime, lay on the
ground, mortally wounded. The
morning before Paolo, with three
brigands, had tried to stop a diligence
without expecting armed resistance.
They were received with well aimed
shots through the coach windows.

One of the robbers was killed at
once, the other had his chest torn open
by a bullet. No attempt was made
to capture the outlaws, and the coach
soon disappeared from view. Paolo
and the only remaining bandit car-
ried the wounded man on their guns
to the place described. The latter
was doomed. He breathed with great
difficulty, and there was no hope for
him to live through the night. I have
broadly explained that originally
Paolo Savello was not a common
bandit. He had started his career
by revenging on individuals that
which really was the fault of circum-
stances. This mistake led him on to
the path of crime. As soon as he be-
gan to rob men for their money he
was lost.

Yet his conscience was ever active-
ly denouncing him. The more Paolo
thought his misdeeds separated him
from the society of the good and the
more savage he showed himself to-
ward the world the more unsettled
became his mind. Frequently in the
night a secret terror would seize him,
and with fearful anxiety he would
look for a way out of his troubles to
a peaceful state of mind. Sometimes
he thought of entering a monastery.

But then it occurred to him that
sanctimonious life would never ex-
tinguish from his mind the memory
of his crimes.

The first misfortune had befallen
him this morning—one of his old fel-
lows dead, the other one dying. Now
he listened to the labored breathing
of the wounded man. A voice with-
in him spoke to him thus: "The next
time it will be your turn, Paolo, and
when you are gone there will be re-
joicing among all the just ones wher-
ever your name is known. Feared
like a ferocious animal in God's crea-
tion, you will end as such."

And fixedly he stared at the ground
before him, shaken by feverish trem-
ors.

At this moment the curtain was
lifted, and Signorina Evelyn, like a
heavenly messenger, appeared to his
enchanted eyes. She was a being of
strangely rare beauty, surrounded by
the glory of youthful innocence and
purity. The idea never occurred to
Paolo that this apparition could be
one of flesh and blood, like himself.

Overcome by awe, he fell on his
knees, crying: "Holy Madonna! Blessed Virgin!"

The signorina smiled at the pro-
strate vagabond, who offered to her
the highest tribute of veneration,
carried away by his imagination. "I
am a human being like yourself,"
she said, with a foreign accent, "and
have lost my way. I shall be grate-
ful to you for a shelter and protec-
tion for the night, and tomorrow you
may lead me back to Girgenti."

Paolo, still full of fear, rose to his
feet, and, touching her white fin-
gers, which she willingly offered to
him, he said, "Madonna, whoever
you may be, I am your slave; dispose
of me."

The signorina looked around in the
strange, narrow room, where, stretch-
ed out on the ground, lay the two
bandits.

"Who are you?" she inquired curi-
ously.

"Poor shepherds," Paolo answered
embarrassed. "We have hidden
here from the storm."

"And the old gentleman there—he
looks so pale." "Is he ill?"

"He has a fever," Paolo cautiously
answered. While he said this the
idea horrified him that the stare of
the dying man might meet the un-
suspecting look of his guest. There-
fore he said:

"I am going to prepare you a room,
where you may be alone."

He called Pietro, his comrade in
crime.

"Wake up, Pietro, make room.
We have a guest!"

Half asleep yet, Pietro rose from
his couch, and glancing at the jewels
on Evelyn's arms he muttered to Pa-
olo:

"Where in the devil's name did
you get hold of her?"

Paolo, ashamed of the man's bruti-
tality, said:

"Keep still and do what I tell you.
She shall be treated like the Madon-
na herself."

He untied the rope that carried the
curtain and turned it so that the in-
closed space separated them from the
dying man. Pietro stood aside leav-
ing against the wall and observed
with a cynical smile his captain's ac-
tions, which he could not under-
stand. Paolo spread his mantle on
the stones, and stepping back said:

"Be this your boudoir for the
night, madonna! Could I make these
stones to turn into soft pillows and
the mantle into a silken cover, I
should not hesitate."

"And where will you stay?" she
sweetly asked.

"I shall wait for you, madonna."

"But I do not see any danger here,"
Miss Evelyn smilingly answered,
"yet I thank you from the bottom of
my heart. You are a brave, good
man. Good night!"

The two bandits retired. Outside
they lay down. Neither of them
spoke. Soon it began to rain; first
in single drops; in a few minutes it
fell in sheets, drenching the unpro-
tected men.

Restlessly Pietro turned around.
At last he whispered: "How long is
this comedy to last! Let us make an
end with this!" Paolo gave him
a warning. For some time Pietro

did not move, then he crawled up in
the direction of the curtain. Paolo
now began to quarrel with him and
finally stabbed Pietro, causing his in-
stant death. Horrified by his rash
deed, he looked to see if his guest
had been awakened, but there was
no move behind the curtain. "Blessed
be the holy Madonna!" he muttered.
"This shall be the last one," he said
to himself.

In the heavenly light of purity and
innocence, which had fallen into the
darkened soul of the lost one, with
Evelyn's appearance his own wicked-
ness and guilt revealed itself to him
with a force unknown to him before.

"You must pay for what you have
done," his conscience said. He bowed
his head. "Your life is forfeited.
Confess your sins, and mercy alone
can save you from everlasting pun-
ishment." On his knees he prayed,
"Holy Madonna, pray for me."

Then he rose, took the murdered
man's body on his shoulders. "She
passed," he said, "and I am alone."
He carried his victim to a cave
near by, covering the remains with
stones.

Returning, he sat down to wait for
the rising sun, which should bring
him salvation.

Mysteriously and gradually the veil
of darkness in the east vanished, and
soon the sun rose from the sea, send-
ing her golden rays to Sister Evelyn's
mountains. Then Evelyn, beautiful in her
innocence, threw back the curtain
which separated her from the outside
world and gazed with large, enchan-
ted eyes at the wonders of the new-
born world around her.

Paolo stared at the apparition be-
fore him as at a miracle. Evelyn in-
quired for the sick man. Paolo rose
and quickly answered, "He sleeps in
peace." Ballyhoo he asked her, "Are
you ready?" They will be looking for
you at Girgenti."

At some distance the signorina's
horse was seen feeding. Paolo caught
the animal. Then, asking Miss Evelyn
to put her foot on his hand, he lifted
her into the saddle. Quickly
moving, he easily kept step with the
horse, and she looked as happy as a man
who is going to participate in a festi-
val. When Girgenti came in sight,
he told the signorina that his office
as a guide was ended. Miss Evelyn
dismissed him, insisting that he must
come to get a reward for his service
to her.

"Madonna, if you will permit me
a token of your favor, may it be your
glove."

She gave it to him with a smile.
He covered it with kisses and hid it
in his breast. There he carried it till
his death. The same evening Paolo
confessed all his crimes to the priest
and then gave himself up to the au-
thorities. He was condemned to be
executed. The signorina lived in his
memory as a higher being to the last.

The only kind word the poor man
heard since his childhood had
come from her lips, "You are a brave,
good man."

This sounded in his ears like cele-
stial music. He did not know that
when Miss Evelyn heard through the
papers about her companion's char-
acter she was shocked almost to
death. Before Paolo was executed
he took the glove, kissed it again and
gave it to the priest, saying, "Tell
her about my end when you return
this present to her." A little later
when his eyes were covered he was
heard to whisper, "Holy Madonna,
pray for me!" —Exchange.

Characteristic Trademarks.
"Have you ever observed how
many people carry some distinguish-
ing mark of occupation or habit?"
asked a phenologist. "Now, see
that man's nose. Do you see the
peculiar wrinkles around his
right eye and eyebrow? Those come
from habitually carrying his jewel-
er's glass there. Half those passers-
by are desk workers. Their should-
ers droop."

"See that young lady? When she
is at home, she sits with her left
leg drawn up under her—sits on it,
in fact. The knee is forced out. See
where it is? Her walk is a little
one-sided in consequence."

"Those young men are bicycle
riders. They walk on their toes like
a schoolgirl. A man's occupation or
condition has a good deal to do with
making his facial expression. Sol-
diers get a hard, severe look; over-
worked laborers constantly look tired;
reporters look inquisitive; mathema-
ticians look studious. Judges become
grave, even when off the bench. The
business man makes the face, I say."

"There are the butcher's face, the
publican's face, the beggar's face, the
ministerial face, the lawyer's face,
the doctor's face, all so distinct each
from the other and singly, that one
seldom fails to recognize those callings
showing through the countenance."

A Sun